Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſmiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcalleſt ſweete yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to bee bought: an old Lord of the counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you ſir, but I marke him not, and yet hee talkt very wiſely, but I regarded him not, & yet hee talkt wiſely and in the ſtreet too.

Prince Thou didſt well, for wiſedome cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a ſaint: thou haſt don much harme vnto me, *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it: before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damnd for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome.

Prince Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow Iacke?

Falſ. Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, and I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

Prince. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying, to purſe taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hal*, tis my vocation *Hal*, tis no ſinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter poines.*

Poines. Now ſhall we know, if Gads hil haue ſet a match, O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him? this is the moſt omnipotent villaine that euer cryed, ſtand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned.*

Poines. Good morrow ſweet *Hal*. What ſayes Monſieur remorſe? what ſayes ſir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? how agrees the diuell & thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſoldeſt him on good Friday laſt, for a cup of Medera and a colde Capons legg?

Prin. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for hee was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

Poines,

Poines. Then art thou damnd

diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had bin damn

Poy. But my lads, my lads,

clock early at Gads hil, there a

ry with rich offrings, and tra

purſes. I haue vizards for you

ſelues. Gads-hil lies to night i

per to morrow night in Eaſtc

ſleepe: if you will go, I will ſt

if you will not, tarry at home

Falſ. Heare ye Yedward, if

hang you for going.

Po. You will chops.

Falſ. *Hal*, wilt thou make o

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thee

Fal. Thers neither honeſty

in thee, nor thou cameſt not o

not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prince. Well then, once in

Falſ. Why thats well ſaide.

Prin. Well, come what will,

Falſ. By the Lord Ile be a tr

Prince. I care not.

Po. Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue

him downe ſuch reaſons for th

Fal. Well, God giue thee th

eares of profiting, that what t

he heares may be beleeued, tha

ion ſake) proue a falſe theefe,

want countenance: farewell, y

Prin. Farewel the latter ſpr

Poy. Now my good ſweet h

row, I haue a leaſt to execute,

ſtalffe, Harney, Roſsill, and C

we haue already way-laid, yo

when they haue the booty, if

this head from my ſhoulders,

B

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